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THE EVERY-DAY YOUNG LADY.

The every-day young lady is neither tall nor short, neither fat nor lean. Her complexion is not fair, but clear, and her colour not bright, but healthy. She is not vulgarly well, but has not the least illness in the world. Her face is oval, and her hair, moderate in quantity, is usually of a soft brown. Her features are small and unobtrusive: her nose being what the French passpots call *moyen*—that is, neither one thing nor other—and her eyes as gray as glass, but clear and gentle. It is not the eyes that give her any little character she has; although, if you have nothing else to do, and happen to look at them for a minute or so, they win upon you. They are not varnished eyes, in which you can see nothing but the brightness; and not deep eyes, into which your soul plunges at a gulf: they are mere common skylights, winning into them a little bit of heaven, and giving you an inkling of good temper and feminine gentleness. Neither is it her air, nor manner, nor dress, that stamps her individuality, if she has any, for these belong to the class of society in which she moves; but altogether she gives you an idea of young-womanish refinement and amiableness, and you would think of her again when alone, if there were not so many of her about as to divide and dilute, as it were, your impressions.

The every-day young lady is usually dependent upon somebody or other, but sometimes she has a small independence, which is much worse. In the former case she clings like ivy, adorning, by her truth and gentleness, the support she is proud of; while in the other she gives her £30 a year to a relation as an inadequate compensation for her board and clothing, and lives in a state of unheard-of bondage and awful gratitude. Her life is diversified by friendships, in which her own feelings last the longest; by enmities, in which she suffers and forgives; and by loves—though almost always at second hand. She is a confidant, a go-between, a bride-maid; but if she finds herself on the brink of a serious dictation, she shrinks into her own foolish little heart in surprise and timidity, and the affair never becomes anything but a Mystery, which she carries with her through life, and which makes her shake her head on occasions, and look conscious and experienced, so as to give people the idea that this young lady has a history. If the affair does go on, it is a public wonder how she came to get actually married. Many persons consider that she must have been playing a part all along for this very purpose; that her timidity and bashfulness were assumed, and her self-denial a *ruse*; and that, in point of fact, she was not by any means what she gave herself out to be—an every-day young lady.

For our part we have known many such young ladies in our day—and so have you, and you, and you: the

world of society is full of them. We have a notion of our own, indeed, that they are *the sex*; or, in other words, that they are the class from which are drawn our conventional notions of womankind, and that the rest—that is, those women who have what is called character—are counterfeit women. The feminine virtues are all of a retiring kind, which does not mean that they are invisible even to strangers, but that they are seen through a half-transparent veil of feminine timidity and self-postponement. In like manner, the *physique* of women, truly so called, is not remarkable or obtrusive: their eyes do not flash at you like a pistol, nor their voices arrest suddenly your attention, as if they said, Stand and deliver! That men in general admire the exceptions rather than the rule, may be true, but that is owing to bad taste, coarseness of mind, or the mere hurry of society, which prevents them from observing more than its salient points. For our part we have always liked every-day young ladies, and sometimes we felt inclined to love a few of them; but somehow it never went beyond inclination. This may have been owing in part to the headlong life one leads in the world, but in part likewise—if we may venture the surmise—to our own sensitiveness preventing us from poking ourselves upon the sensitiveness of other people.

A great many every-day young ladies have been presented in the character of heroines of romance; but then they are called by other names, and made to run about, and get into predicaments, so that one does not know what to make of them. The Countess Isabelle of Croye is an extremely every-day young lady; but look how she runs away, and how she sees a bishop murdered at supper, and how she is going to be married to a Wild Boar, and how at last, after running away again, she gives her hand and immense possessions to a young Scotsman as poor as a church mouse! Who can tell, in such a hurry-skurry, what she is in her individuality, or what she would turn out to be if let alone, or if the author had a turn for bringing out every-day characters? Then we have every-day young ladies set up for heroines without doing anything for it at all, and who look in the emergencies of life just as if they were eating bread and butter, or crying over a novel at home. Of such is Evelina, who has a sweet look for every person, and everything, in every possible situation, and who is expected, on the strength of that sole endowment, to pass for a heroine of every-day life. This is obviously improper; for an every-day young lady has a principle of development within her like everybody else. If you expose her to circumstances, these circumstances must act upon her in one way or another; they must bring her out; and she must win a husband for herself, not get him by accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of marrying—a necessity which has no alternative in the case of a heroine but the grave.

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Such blunders, however, are now at an end; for a real every-day young lady has come out into public life, and an illumination has been thrown upon the class, which must proceed either from one of themselves or from inspiration.* But we are not going to criticise the book; for that would bring us to loggerheads with the critics, not one of whom has the least notion of the nature of the charm they all confess. This charm consists in its painting an every-day young lady to the life, and for the first time; and it by no means consists, as it is said to do, in the plot, which is but indifferently concocted, or in the incidents, that are sometimes destitute both of social and artistical truth. Anne Dysart herself, however, is a masterly portrait. Its living eyes are upon us from first to last, following us like the eyes of those awful pictures in the dining-room of long ago, which we could not escape from in any corner of the room. But Anne's eyes are not awful: they are sweet, calm, gentle. The whole figure is associated with the quieter and better parts of our nature. It comes to us, with its shy looks and half-withdrawn hands, like somebody we knew all our lives, and still know; somebody who walks with us, mellowing, but not interrupting our thoughts; somebody who sits by us when we are writing or reading, and throws a creamy hue upon the paper; somebody whose breath warms us when it is cold, and whose shadow stands between us and the scorching sun; somebody, in short, who gives us assurance, we know not how, of an every-day young lady.

To paint a character which has no salient points demands a first-rate artist; but to see the inner life of a quiet, timid, retiring mind, is the exclusive privilege of a poet. To suppose that there is no inner life in such minds, or none worth observing, is a grand mistake. The crested wave may be a picturesque or striking object in itself; but under the calm, smooth surface of the passionless sea there are beautiful things to behold—painted shells, and corals, and yellow sands, and sea-plants stretching their long waving arms up to the light. How many of us sail on without giving a glance to such things, our eyes fixed on the frowning or inviting headland, or peopling the desert air with phantoms! Just so do we turn away from what seems to us the void of every-day life to grapple with the excitements of the world.

Anne Dysart is not Miss Douglas's Anne Dysart: she is yours, ours, everybody's. She is the every-day young lady. The author did not invent her: she found her where the Highlandman found the tongs—by the fireside. And that is her true position, where alone she is at home. When she goes into society, unless it be among associates, she is always under some sort of alarm. She is told that there is company in the drawing-room, strangers come to visit—young ladies celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments—and she treads the stairs with a beating heart, feeling awkward and ignorant, and enters with a desperate calmness. The visitors, however, like her, she is so modest and unobtrusive; and the every-day young lady is charmed and even affected by their patronising kindness. She is reputed by these persons as 'a nice girl, rather amiable-looking, but not in the least like the heroine of a novel.' When she visits them in return, she is at first oppressed with a feeling of shyness, but at length still more overpowered by the kindness with which she is received, and she walks to the window to conceal her emotion.

In this position our Anne—for we deny that Miss Douglas has any special property in her—comes on strong: 'As Anne now stood, dressed in deep mourning, the blackness of her garments only relieved by a small white collar and pair of cuffs, the expression of her countenance very pensive, her eyes shining mildly in the sunlight which was reflected from the crimson curtain upon her at present somewhat pale cheek, Mr. Grey, as she whispered to Charlotte, "Really, poor thing, she does look very interesting!" felt the influence of her peculiar charm, without, however, comprehending its source.'

Anne attracts the attention of one of the company, a harsh-featured, ungraceful person, under forty, with a large mouth, determined lips, deep-set thoughtful eyes, and a confused mass of dark hair hanging over a large and full forehead. Whereupon she instantly feels uncomfortable and frightened. But for all that, it is settled that the *bête noir* walks home with her; and resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, onward they go, these wretched individuals, in solemn silence. The conversation which at length begins consists of unpolite questions on the gentleman's part, and constrained answers on the of the lady; but at length she is saved from replying to a specially disagreeable and impertinent interrogator by stumbling over a stone.

'Did you fall on purpose?' said he. The every-day young lady is both frightened and displeased, and being further urged, feels something actually resembling indignation. When they part, it is with a feeling on her part of inexpressible relief, and she thinks herself that she had never before met so singular or disagreeable a man.

This is unpromising: but it is correct. The every-day young lady *thinks* of the rough, odd man; and is struck now and then by a word or a look in him which piques his curiosity or interests his feelings. He at length learns to look into her calm, soft eyes, and sees through the passionless surface of her character some precious things gleaming in its depths. The following quotation will show at what length he arrives—'Anne pondered for a few minutes. She had a rather slow though a sound understanding. There was some truth in what Mr. Bolton said, but so great a want of charity, that she felt from the first as if, some way or other, he could not be quite right. It was some time however, ere she discovered how he was wrong, and even then perhaps could not have defined it. She answered gravely and modestly, but with less timidity than usual.'

'But still, Mr. Bolton, it is possible to be both agreeable and sincere. I know it is possible, because I have seen it; and I think that though there is some truth in what you say, yet, as far as my very limited experience justifies me in forming an opinion, I should say the truth, united with kindness, is appreciated; indeed I am sure some people have been liked who never flattered. I knew one person at least whom everybody loved, who would not have told a falsehood for the world, and who was all he seemed.'

'I suppose you mean your father? Well, without exactly sharing in your filial enthusiasm, I am inclined to believe that he was a superior man.'

'Are you indeed? Why, may I ask?' said Anne very timidly, and venturing for the first time to put a question in her turn.

'Why?' he repeated, with a momentary return of the wonderful smile. 'Because his daughter has rather more simplicity of mind, rather more purity of heart,

* Anne Dysart, a Tale of Every-day Life. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1839.

rather more intelligence, rather less frivolity, rather less artifice, rather fewer coquettish tricks to flatter the vanity, and entrap the admiration, of silly men—in short, rather more *sincerity* than one meets every day: I guess she must have had a father somewhat above the average." Mr Bolton spoke in a low tone, and there was in his voice a depth and a softness that struck his listener's ear as being altogether different from its wont. Whatever this difference might be, however, it was not lasting, for when, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, it was with an exaggeration even of his ordinary harshness both of voice and manner: "But you need not fancy I am paying you a compliment. You are no angel; and even during our short acquaintance, I have discovered in you some faults and follies, and doubtless there are others behind. In some respects you are very childish, or perhaps it would be as correct to say *immature*." With this rude speech, Mr Bolton concluded, drawing back with an air of having nothing more to say, and assuming a look which seemed to forbid any one to speak to him.

But this wild man chooses her for a wife, proposes for her hand—and is refused. Why so? Because she was an every-day young lady. He was rich; he had good points—nay, great ones, in his character: but he was an uncomfortable man. She could not love him, and she could not think of marrying a man she could not love. Had it been the young clergyman, the case would have been different. A nice young man was he; and, like all other young ladies of her class, Anne had her dreams of gentle happiness, and congeniality of temper, and poetry, and flowers, and sunsets, and a genteel cottage. But the young clergyman could not afford to think of an almost penniless girl for a wife; and so poor Anne's episode was ended before it was well begun; and the affair would have assumed in her solitary the enduring form of a *Mystery*, if exigencies had not arisen to call forth feelings and resolves that brook no such unsubstantial companions.

This every-day young lady had a brother in Edinburgh, and the brother fell into folly, and misery, and sickness, and desperate poverty. He wanted a friend, a nurse, a servant, and she knew that his bedside was a natural post. The difficulty was to get so far with the poor little funds; but this is accomplished, and instead of the outside of the mail on a wintry night, she has even had the good-fortune to enjoy an inside seat, some gentleman being seized with the caprice of encountering the frost and snow. This gentleman, she discovers afterwards, is her discarded lover; and he—how many discoveries does he make! The every-day young lady, thrown into the battle of circumstances, comes with the strife. She who had been accustomed to sit silent, seeming to agree with others in what was untrue, merely from want of courage, now endures without flinching the extremities even of actual want. Now one out, one by one, obvious to the sight, the thousand beautiful things in the depths of her quiet mind; and the eyes of the odd gentleman are dimmed with emotion as he looks at them. Already had she begun to wonder at this man, to call his austerity melancholy, to grieve that he was unhappy, to think what he could be thinking about; and now, when she and her darling brother are saved, protected, held up by his strong hand, she holds him; her imagination communicates itself insensibly to her heart. His features lose their harshness; his deep-set eyes become soft; his lips relax; and finally, he cuts his hair. What more needs he said?

But we take leave to disagree with this individual in his idea that Anne Dysart has more simplicity, purity, and quiet intelligence than other every-day young ladies. She is, on the contrary, nothing more than a type of

the class; and the fact is proved by the resemblance in her portrait being at once recognised. We do not stand upon the colour of her hair, or eyes, or other physical characteristics, for these are mere averages, and may be very different in our Anne and yours; but her shyness, hesitation, and cowardice—her modesty, gentleness, and truth—these are stereotyped traits, and are the same in all. But when such qualities rise, or become metamorphosed, to meet the exigencies of life, how do we recognise them? By intuition. We acknowledge in others the principle of development we feel in ourselves. Our fault is, that we pass over as worthy of no remark, no careful tending, no holy reverence, the slumbering germs of all that is good and beautiful in the female character, and suffer our attention to be engrossed by its affectations and monstrosities. Let us correct this fever of the taste. Let us learn to enjoy the still waters and quiet pastures. When we see an every-day young lady flitting about our rooms, or crossing our paths, or wandering by our side, let us regard her no more as if she were a shadow, or a part of the common atmosphere, necessary, though unheeded: let us look upon her with fondness and respect, and if we would be blessed ourselves, let us say—God bless her!

L. R.

INDUSTRIAL GLASGOW IN 1850.

To investigate the condition, effective force, and prospects of an industrial population, is a business not only interesting to the philanthropist, but highly useful also to society at large, as acquainting them with the habits and powers of a distinctive class little known out of its own sphere of action (except by its effects); at the same time that such an inquiry serves also reflectively to stimulate afresh the energies of the artisan, and cheer him onward in his uphill road, through trials and privations, to comfort and independence. Such were the works undertaken, and well performed, by Jelinger Symons, Baines, Gaskell, Bowring, and Villermé; and the writer of this article conceives that by describing the results of his own investigations respecting Glasgow and Clydesdale, he may possibly contribute some small mite of instruction as well as entertainment to the readers of this widely-extended Journal; his present object being to do for Glasgow and Clydesdale in 1850 what Cleland did for Glasgow alone at the beginning of the century—that is, to present a descriptive and moral picture of the city and its connected towns (more especially with reference to its artisan population) in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Glasgow may be said to form the centre of an industrial district, including parts of the counties of Lanark (its own county), Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Ayr. It is not in our power to give a minute account of this remarkable region, but we shall notice the chief subordinate places where commercial and manufacturing industry has taken root. These are—Paisley, the first shawl dépôt in the world; Greenock and Port-Glasgow, shipping ports; Kilmarnock, eminent in carpet-weaving; Pollockshaws, Barrhead, Johnston, and other Renfrewshire villages, containing large cotton-spinning and weaving establishments; the Vale of the Leven, including Dumbarton, and the villages of Renton and Alexandria; Lanark and New Lanark, Blantyre, Campsie, and Balfron, towns full of cotton-manufacturing industry; Dalmarnock, Tollcross, and Rutherglen, villages close to Glasgow, and forming an intimate part of its own system of industry; finally, the great iron-mining and iron-founding villages of Airdrie and Coatbridge, the rise of which to importance within the last few years has been one of the most interesting phenomena

of its kind which the history of industry in Scotland presents. Eleven of these various clusters of population gave the following results at the census of 1841:—

Glasgow (parliamentary burgh),	255,630
Greenock (parliamentary burgh),	35,645
Port-Glasgow,	6,943
Paisley,	60,467
Lanark,	7,680
Pollockshaws,	5,280
Renfrew,	2,014
Rutherglen,	5,623
Dalmarnock and Tolcross,	4,600
Blantyre Works,	1,700

So rapid, however, and so constant has been the increase of buildings and immigrants within the last nine years, that Glasgow itself was estimated at the end of 1849 to contain 367,000; in which case these towns cannot comprise less than 650,000 inhabitants.

The Clyde, as far as regards marine navigation, is far more indebted to art than nature, for Commissioner Tucker, in 1652, describes the shallowness of the river as 'every day more and more increasing and filling up, so that no vessel of any burthen can come up nearer the town than fourteen miles, where they must unlade and send up their timber on rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobles or boats of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat.' Nay, our fathers, only seventy years ago, would have deemed that man insane who should have ventured the prediction that sea-borne vessels of 400 tons, from distant foreign shores, would ever unload their freight on the quays of Glasgow. Yet all this and more has been effected: a broad, straggling, shallow stream has been made a narrow and a deep one by an almost incredible amount of human talent and labour, and at vast expense. Whinstone, ashlar-like embankments, and extensive quays of solid, well-wrought masonry, have been constructed to confine its waters within a channel seldom more than 400 feet in breadth; steam-dredging machines have been for years at work in deepening the channel, and preventing the accumulation of deposits; and beacons have been erected to mark the deep-water channel, where requisite, all the way to the Firth; in short, all the resources of such master-minds as those of Smeaton, Watt, Bell, Rennie, Telford, and Walker, have been brought into play to make Glasgow a first-class river-port, and the Clyde—what it now indisputably is—the pride and glory of North Britain. Upwards of a million and a-half has been spent on these improvements, and the result of the deepening of the river is, that it can now be navigated by vessels of 1000 tons. The harbour now comprises fully 10,000 feet of wharfage, more than half of which is provided with powerful cranes, sheds, and ample weighing-machines, for landing, sheltering, and valuing the goods; and such is the amount of accommodation, that large ships of every flag now come into the heart of Glasgow to exchange the raw produce of the Mediterranean, United States, Brazil, the East and West Indies, and Canada, for the manufactures of Clydesdale. This port likewise, which was the first in Britain to engage in steam navigation, can now boast of a steam fleet unequalled out of London. Large and powerful mail-steamer, in the continental as well as home service, float like Leviathans in front of the Broomielaw landing-wharfs. One war-steamer, called the *Siamese*, designed for the Indian seas, sailed about three months ago; a splendid screw steamer, the *City of Glasgow*, has lately commenced an intercourse with New York. Such is the Clyde in the middle of 1850.

Turn we now from the Clyde to the city through which it flows, and we shall see no less marked indications of a wonderfully-rapid progress and improvement. What in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a quaint, shabby old town, straggling down from the Cathedral and episcopal palace to the Trongate, Saltmarket, and Briggate, with a population even at the Restoration of only 14,700 persons, has, within the last

forty years, become a fine, tastefully-built city, covering upwards of 450 acres, and boasting of wide avenues, squares, crescents, and terraces, which may almost vie with the modern squares and streets in the western or court end of London. We here subjoin the population from the five parliamentary returns:—

1801,	77,385
1811,	100,749
1821,	147,043
1831,	202,426
1841,	255,630
1850 (estimated),	367,000

Glasgow is essentially a busy mart, a money-getting place, in which the merchant and the manufacturer—with different, widely-different occupations, but harmonising interests—vie eagerly in shrewdness and wary, but by no means unadventurous trading. The merchant wants manufactured goods to send abroad; and the manufacturer is ready to furnish woven fabrics, or chemical products, or manufactured iron, as the case may be, and these too of a sort and quality just suited to the markets to which they are to be consigned. Thus as respects woven fabrics—separate kinds are prepared expressly for certain parts of the world; for what will please a quaint Chinaman will not suit the gaudy taste of a Brazilian or Peruvian; nor would the articles suited to the refined, sober taste of a German, suit a volatile Frenchman or even a London lady. All these transactions, on a truly gigantic scale, are daily carried on with little bustle and no waste expenditure of time, for a ten minutes' interview will often effect the exchange of thousands on a single bargain.

The following statement, which has been drawn up after much patient investigation and inquiry, but can, after all, be only regarded as an approximation to the truth, represents the textile industry of Glasgow in 1850—first, as regards the firms of master manufacturers; and secondly, as regards the labourers in their mills, factories, and print-works:—

TEXTILE ARTS OF GLASGOW IN 1850.

	Firms.	Labourers.
Cotton, Woolen, and Thread-Spinners,	76	23,000
Power-loom Weavers,	24	3,640
Handloom Weavers,	—	3,200
Calico Manufacturers,	—	4,000
Gingham	37	1,840
Muslin	40	920
Silk	22	720
Lace	16	140
Carpet	5	260
Shawl	10	64
Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers,	14	1,570
Rope and Sail Makers,	45	840
	529	42,194
Dependent Trades.		
Printers and Bleachers,	64	1,960
Dyers,	50	1,400
Calenders and Packers,	48	500
Designers and Block-Cutters,	35	320
Cylinder Engravers,	6	750
Miscellaneous,	150	700
Total,	882	47,924

Here we have about 900 firms, consisting, we will say, on an average, of three partners each, and employing, one with another, twenty clerks, packers, and porters—amounting in round numbers to about 20,000 persons—who keep at work in the production exclusively of textile goods, about 48,000 persons. This makes a total of about 68,000 persons supported by weaving industry within the city of Glasgow; and if to these we add 370 more firms consisting of 9300 partners and dependents employing about 6000 persons in the conversion to useful purposes of iron, glass, porcelain-clay, chemical products and mineral coal, we shall then have a grand total of 84,000 persons directly supported by the manufacturing industry of Glasgow!

This estimate, however, falls very, very far short of the amount of population supported by manufacturing labour within the circle which owns Glasgow as its

central market. The following statement of the people supported by the spinning and weaving business out of Glasgow is as nearly correct as circumstances will admit:—

Paisley, -	49,000
Barrhead,*	1,610
Greenock,	3,400
Kilmarnock,	
Lanark and Blantyre,	
New Lanark,†	1,094
Airdrie and Coatbridge,	
Glasgow itself,	88,000

The principal crafts of Glasgow calling for notice, independently of the corresponding arts practised in England, are:—

1. Turkey-red dyeing;
2. Gingham weaving;
3. Shawl weaving;
4. Carpet weaving;

And to these arts we must add specially the wonderful factories for the

1. Reduction of iron ore to pig-iron and steel; and
2. The manufacture of large iron-castings, steam-engines and steam-boats; and likewise
3. The sail-cloth works of Greenock;
4. Chemical works.

1. *The Turkey-red dye*, which is of recent introduction, is one of those complicated processes involving many details of operation, of which it would be hopeless to attempt any generally intelligible explanation within a reasonable space. *Red madder* forms almost exclusively the dyeing material; but the brilliant red colour requires for its production much care and many processes; repeated dyeings, washings, and bleachings over and again repeated, till the bright, unmistakable red, with its bright white spots, round, lozenge-shaped, or of indefinite pattern, is produced.

2. *Gingham Weaving* is a far more easy process than almost any followed in the district, except calico-weaving, and consists simply of the admixture in the warp or weft of those of white and coloured thread. Both ginghams and puttices may be either of linen or cotton, or both mixed, and the work is commonly performed by wretched, impoverished handloom weavers, residing in the close, unhealthy districts of the city, or dispersed in squalid hamlets through various parts of the suburbs.

3. *Shawl Weaving*, which now forms the staple trade of Paisley (employing about 6000 hands, working about the same number of harness-looms, with upwards of 4000 women and children, employed in cotton mills, turning about 80,000 spindles), was introduced into that town about thirty-five years ago by a Mr Paterson, who, although there had been imitations made twenty years before in Norwich, Stockport, and Edinburgh, was the first to make it a profitable speculation. In 1823 China crepe-shawls were introduced, and various fabrics have from time to time been manufactured for the English and foreign markets, including zebras for Anatolia,

Syria, and the caravan trade of the East. The Thibet cloth manufacture, however, and that of Cashmere wool, were not introduced till the year 1830, since which period they have made such enormous advances, that the Paisley fabrics now equal those made some years ago by Ternaux and Girard in France. For some years, what with Morrison's improved Jacquard loom, Vergniaud's steam metallic rollers, and the numerous improvements introduced by Messrs Kerr, Roxburgh, and Balderston, the shawl-trade of Paisley may be said to stand without a peer in its own department throughout the world.

4. *Carpet Weaving*—which, according to the methods now pursued, presents striking analogies to the shawl business, deserves special notice with reference to the industry of Kilmarnock and its dependent villages—must be described at some length. Carpets—once a luxury of the rich, now a necessary to all but the poorest—were once manufactured in Kidderminster, Wilton, and some few other districts of southern England; but we are not far from the mark when we say that, in 1850, four-fifths of all the carpet-loom produce of Great Britain is manufactured either in Glasgow or Kilmarnock. In the latter town there are in all 480 looms for carpet weaving, producing annually 782,380 yards, chiefly of the superfine quality (besides rugs), estimated in all at £118,080. So much for the once-despised value of Scotch-carpeting! In fact velvet-faced, Victoria-patterned, Wilton, Brussels, and, in short, all descriptions of carpets or rugs, from Persian and Turkish patterns down to the lowest descriptions of druggetting, are now made in the west of Scotland, and sent to all parts of the world.

Thus far have we expatiated on the weaving-business of this industrious district, not with any invidious view, but merely to show what may be done by the active industry of a new district. The cotton-manufactures of the Clyde belonged formerly to Lancashire; the great woollen-industry of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, once the undoubted possession of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, is now fairly domiciled in Lanarkshire; and the carpet-weavers of Wilton and Kidderminster have found more than rivals in the denizens of Kilmarnock and Clydesdale. The annual value of all these textile products can scarcely be estimated, going as they do both landward and seaward; but the total produce must unquestionably exceed ten millions annually of money revenue.

Let us observe, moreover, that the textile manufactures of Glasgow and Clydesdale do not form more than two-thirds of the whole industry of the district, even when we include their supplemental businesses—such as pattern-designing, cylinder-engraving, block-cutting, shuttle-making, &c.

METALLIC RESOURCES AND MANUFACTURES.—The conversion of mineral produce into articles of necessity and luxury constitutes a branch of industry equally important with, but quite distinct from, those hitherto described; but without these as adjuncts and providers of manufacturing power, the textile arts could not possibly have attained the high importance which they at present possess.

The whole of Middle and Lower Clydesdale is, in fact, nothing more nor less than an immense bed of coal and ironstone lying on a substratum of carboniferous limestone, admirably suited and extensively used for building materials; and this itself rests on a vast mass of gray-wacke, which forms, as it were, the bounding-wall of the coal-field. Coal-pits and iron-mines, therefore, dot the country in all directions for five or six miles around the city; besides which, all the knolls about Airdrie, Coatbridge, Garnkirk, Gartsherrie, &c. bristle with shafts clearly indicative of a vast amount of coal and iron-mining industry. There are in all about a hundred firms and companies engaged in smelting pig-iron, turning it into large castings, and converting it into malleable iron, the whole produce thus manufactured from the black-band ironstone, averaging about 600,000 tons

* This village of Barrhead has no place in history; few of the people of Scotland, excepting in Glasgow, and still fewer of the people of England, have ever heard its name mentioned. It is not a burgh; it does not even give name to a parish. Yet what an amazing mass of industrial energy it is! Besides the large cotton spinning and weaving factories employing the above 1510 hands, it contains nine large bleaching establishments, at which 1900 hands are employed; four great calico-printing works, employing 1370 persons; a flour-mill; an iron foundry, a machine-shop, &c. employing in all about 200 hands. Thus the grand total of working people in this village is 4980.

† The cotton-mills of New Lanark now employ fewer hands than in Mr Owen's time, fewer being required to do the same amount of work. The total is 1056. The village contains 38 hand-loom weavers. The educational system retains little or no trace of its originator. It consists of, 1st, a day-school, at which the ordinary branches of education are taught, together with natural history, singing, and dancing, and which is attended by 300 pupils; 2d, an evening school. There are six teachers, four male and two female, paid immediately by salaries from the proprietors.

per annum. Some of the principal of these iron-works are the following:—

Messrs Dixons' at Govan and Calder,	13 furnaces.
Messrs Baird's at Gartsherrie,	16 ...
Mr Wilson's at Dumbarton,	10 ...
Messrs Dunlop at Tolcross,	9 ...
Monkland Iron Company,	6 ...

All these, as well as several others, employ, instead of the cold-blast, formerly in use, the patent hot-blast, invented by Mr Neilson, which, on attaining the temperature of 600 degrees Fahrenheit, enables the iron-master, with three-sevenths of the fuel formerly employed, to make one-third more iron of a superior quality by the use of coal instead of coke. The advantages of this invention, moreover, are not confined to iron-masters; for the founder, by its use, can cast into goods an equal quantity of iron in far less time, and with the saving of nearly half the fuel employed in the ordinary process, while the blacksmith can produce in the same time one-third more work with much less fuel than he formerly required. The number of men employed in iron and coal mining, and in smelting furnaces, &c., may be thus stated:—

Miners and Collers,	18,000
Carters, &c.	7,000
Weighers, Clerks, &c.	9,000
Total,	27,000

This is perhaps rather under than over the mark, as no data present themselves of any value later than those to be found in the last census.

Steam-Engine and Iron-Ship Factories.—The business of steam-engine making, so necessary both as an agent of the textile manufactures and as an indispensable requisite for the navigation of the port, has been conducted on the most gigantic scale for more than a quarter of a century, although in this respect it has a strong competitor in Greenock. It would be invidious to single out any firms in particular where so many are engaged in one or other of the branches; all having extensive works admirably arranged, and producing first-rate machinery constructed on the most modern and best-approved principles. The works of Mr Robert Napier, however, at the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, are of a nature so distinct from the rest, that we venture on a brief description of them and some of their products, being indebted for our information to the liberality of Messrs Napier themselves.

The manufactures carried on by these gentlemen, so far as concerns the steam-engines, are conducted in two immense factories, covering together nearly six acres of ground, well known in Glasgow as the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, besides which they have an extensive ship-building yard at Govan, about two miles below Lancefield on the opposite bank, and a gigantic forge at Parkhead provided with steam and tilt hammers, cranes, and other machinery for effecting the 'uses' or heavy forgings of the engine-shafts, cranks, crossheads, &c. &c. The founding business is performed on an amazingly large scale, and may be divided into three branches—loam-moulding, dry-moulding, and green-sand moulding. It is not an uncommon thing for fifty or sixty tons of molten iron to be employed in casting the cylinder-cases of first-class engines. The brass foundry is quite a distinct department, employed in rough-casting those kinds of engine work for which iron is unsuitable; five or six tons of brass being often used at a single operation! The second branch of the business comprises the boiler-manufacture, which employs a great number of hands as fitters up—that is, adapters of the various plates composing the boilers, and piercing the holes for the reception of the bolts, which the riveters hammer in with astonishing rapidity; the cokers following to close the seams firmly together after the riveting. The third branch includes a large number of machine-workers, who, by the aid of powerful and ingenious mechanism, effect, with a facility almost exceeding belief, borings of wondrous calibre,

planings and slotting of large metallic surfaces, screw-cutting, and numerous other ingenious operations indispensable for the nice adjustment of the various parts of the engines, the very same care and minuteness being required in the largest as well as the smallest members thereof. And fourthly, there comes the finishing department, which includes the turning of the minute metallic portions of the engines, and the just fitting of various parts with reference to each other in the entire machine. Add to these various draughtsmen and pattern-makers, employed in making drawings and models, with forge-smiths, joiners, and painters, the whole comprising from 900 to 1000 workmen, and the reader may possibly form some slight notion (though a just one he cannot, without a personal inspection) of the vastness as well as variety of the works carried on at these factories. Mr Napier, moreover, contracts for every kind of workmanship and material necessary for the entire furnishing of his ships—such as the cabinet-work and upholstery, carving, ornamental painting and gilding, plumbing, and copper-work, internal furniture and bedding, sails, cordage, &c. &c.; and with respect to one department alone of the ornamental work, it may be stated, by way of example, that on the cabin of the *Emperor*, a steam-ship of 1300 tons now running between Hull and Petersburg, he expended no less than £300 in artistic and decorative paintings. Nor is it at all unusual for sums varying from £60 to £100 to be paid for one or two pictures to adorn the cabin of first-class steam-ships.

The above works, moreover, are quite independent of the building-yard at Govan, where the various plates, beams, &c. are put together by ship-carpenters and iron-ship builders expressly devoted to this class of art, about 500 or 800 in number, according to the amount of business going forward. Only a few months have elapsed since the splendid war-friate already alluded to, the *Sinope*, was launched. Her dimensions are: length from figure-head to taffrail, 280 feet; breadth of beam, 42 feet; depth from deck to keel, 28 feet. This noble vessel, which will perhaps be the finest in the steam navy, has received an auxiliary screw engine. It may be stated, in conclusion, that even in cases where the vessels themselves are not built by Messrs Napier, but at Greenock, or elsewhere, this firm is employed to provide the engines; as in the case of the *Niagara*, an American steam-ship of 1830 tons, the engines of which are of 650 horse-power. We lately found the engines designed for the *Asia* and *Africa* in the course of building at Lancefield. They are each of 800 horse-power, and had a truly gigantic appearance as seen while being fitted together in the workshop. The *Asia* and *Africa* has since left the place of her nativity, and made her first voyage between Liverpool and Halifax—the quickest passage on record.

CHEMICAL WORKS.—The manufacture of chemical products is conducted at Glasgow on quite as extensive a scale as at Newcastle. There are several large establishments of this kind on the east and south sides of the town; but they all yield the palm to the works at St Rollox, belonging to Charles Tennant and Co., which now occupy nearly fourteen acres, about half of which space is under cover. The premises comprise upwards of 100 furnaces, retorts, or fireplaces, the smoke and effluvia from which are carried up a gigantic stalk rising 500 feet above the floor of the works, which is a landmark easily visible from all the surrounding neighbourhood. The articles manufactured are sulphuric acid, chloride of lime, soda, and soap; and so alive is the proprietor to the necessity of introducing all the recently-discovered processes, that he has been known to give—over and above the liberal salaries paid to resident chemists—the apparently enormous sums of £1000 and £1500 for the exclusive use of a single new process or discovery. In fact the establishment of St Rollox may be fairly pronounced as unequalled in the world.

Glasgow has likewise several pretty large glass-houses; but they will not bear comparison with the

vast establishments of Newcastle, St Helen's, and other towns south of the Border.

Having thus concluded our brief description of the leading branches of manufacturing industry in Glasgow, we proceed to offer a few statements that may illustrate the progress of steam navigation in particular, and also of the navigation generally connected with and issuing from the port of Glasgow.

After several fruitless exemplifications by Messrs Miller, Symington, and others, during the last century, of the possibility of applying steam to the propelling of vessels, Mr Henry Bell of Glasgow applied to a boat purposely built for him a pair of paddles set in motion by an engine of three-horse power, made by himself; and after several experiments this first steamboat on British water, the *Comet*, began plying between Glasgow and Greenock, January 18, 1812, when it succeeded; and it was regarded quite as an exploit that it made *five miles an hour* against a head wind! We insert here, as curious, an advertisement from a Glasgow paper, August 5, 1812:—

STEAM-PASSAGE BOAT.

THE COMET.

BETWEEN GLASGOW, GREENOCK, AND HELENSBURGH.
FOR PASSENGERS ONLY.'

The first steamers that ventured out of the Clyde into the open sea were the *Britannia* and *Rob Roy*; the former trading to Londonderry, the other to Liverpool, and thence to Dublin; soon after which, the number of steamers gradually increased, though the engines were still of a clumsy and ponderous make, with many parts attached that were subsequently found wholly unnecessary. A curious circumstance, too, deserves mention, as showing how mere accident may lead to great improvements. The fly-wheel of one of these early engines having got out of repair, it was found that the vessel went on just as well without it, owing to its own momentum; and consequently from that time forward this maintaining power was disused.

It forms no part of our present purpose to detail the progressive improvements in steam navigation during the last thirty years. Enough be it now to mention, that at the close of 1849 Glasgow possessed *seventy* steam vessels: four to Liverpool—the *Admiral*, *Commodore*, *Orion*, and *Princess Royal*, all from 350 to 600 tons burthen, and the two latter of iron; four to Belfast—three of which are of iron, and all from 250 to 500 tons; five to Londonderry and Sligo, from 150 to 400 tons, mostly built at Mr Napier's yard; three to Dublin; two to Campbeltown; one to Stranraer; and nine to the Western Highlands (six of iron); besides which, twenty-four steamers were plying up and down the Clyde, varying from 80 to 120 tons, ten of which ran to Gourock, Dunoon, and Rothesay, five to Largs and Millport, six to Helensburgh, and three to Dumbarton: there being also eighteen tug-boats employed in towing large sailing vessels up and down the river. Since then, in emulation of Liverpool, the first steam-packet has begun to ply direct to New York. These vessels are fitted up with engines of four different descriptions, either oscillating, diagonal, side-lever, or what are termed steeple-engines—these being now more frequently used than any other. The number of passengers conveyed in various directions by these floating towns cannot be calculated with any approximation to accuracy; but it must be enormous. In the summer season, when the good citizens of Glasgow are wont to ruralise with their families at Helensburgh, Gourock, Dunoon, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, &c. the steam quay at the Broomielaw presents, especially on Saturdays, an amusing scene of bustle, from the vast numbers of persons in every rank, and of both sexes, who are hurrying away from the smoky city to inhale the fresh breezes of the western ocean.

Pleasure, however, forms but a small part of the business connected with the marine navigation of the Clyde, inasmuch as the largest steam-ships engaged on the

Liverpool and Irish stations are extensively employed by the merchants and manufacturers for the transport both of the raw material and manufactured produce, as well as of large quantities of provisions, fresh as well as salt, from the various ports of Ireland.

Having thus presented an outline of the internal industry, trade, and navigation of Glasgow, we shall next invite attention to a subject equally interesting, though in some respects painful—the state of morals and health among the industrial classes in the Clydesdale district.

‘MODERN MYTHS’—THE GENTLEMAN BAGPIPER.

A GENTLEMAN, who dates from Preston, Lancashire, gives us the following statement, from which it would appear that the query as to the reality of the Gentleman Bagpiper in a late article called ‘Modern Myths’ is to be answered in the affirmative, though the name and identity of the person are not yet ascertained.

I have in my possession the first part of a work bearing this title—‘Tour of the Wandering Piper Through Part of Scotland and Ireland, Written by Himself.’ It was published in 1833 at Portland, Maine, United States. From the publisher’s ‘introductory remarks,’ we learn the circumstance that gave rise to the tour. In the year 1825, at a dinner party in London, a dispute arose between two gentlemen as to the hospitality of different nations. One of the gentlemen was Count Bender, the other a retired officer, who had served under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington during the greater part of the Peninsular war, and sold his commission after the battle of Waterloo. They had been educated together at the same school in Scotland, and a great friendship existed between them. Both being excellent musicians, they agreed to settle their dispute by personally testing the hospitable qualities of the various nations advocated by each: the one to travel as a fiddler in France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; the other as a piper in England, Scotland, Ireland, and North America, to subsist on what the public might please to give them unsolicited: the one to whom the most was voluntarily given to be declared the winner, and to receive the sum of £5,000, which was staked on the result. The pilgrimage was to last five years.

Matters being thus arranged, they prepared to set out on their strange exploit—the count as fiddler, and the other as piper; but an uncle of the latter, who then held a high official situation, heard of their freak, and managed for a time to put a stop to their proceedings. The uncle, however, died in 1827, which left the piper free from restraint; and in June 1828 both parties commenced their wanderings. The fiddler started from Calais; and the piper, after shaking hands with a few friends in Edinburgh, proceeded by coach to Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, ‘that being,’ says he, ‘the very place the Fates had decreed I should commence my pilgrimage as a wandering piper.’ Here, after resting and refreshing himself in a small public-house, he sailed out into the streets, dressed in a gray frock-coat and a broad old-fashioned Scotch bonnet, beneath which he wore a pair of green spectacles. But this, his first attempt, seems somewhat to have shaken his faith; for, after playing several hours to a crowd of the natives, they could not manage to scrape together more than 1s. for his behoof. This he refused, and they converted it into Glenurie whisky, which they drank to the health and prosperity of the worthy piper, whom they declared to be the best player that had appeared in the country since the days of Geordie Lorimer, piper to the Earl of Errol. On the following morning a gentleman, who either knew or pretended to know the piper’s secret, spread something abroad which seems to have

given him some uneasiness. He consequently packed up his pipes, and bade adieu to Stonehaven, passing through Drumlithie, Laurencekirk, and Auchinblea, without ever unloosening his musical wallet. The next day he performed a journey of thirty miles, with his whole luggage bundled on his back, consisting of a change of flannels, a shirt, a pair of stockings, and his bagpipes. In the evening he arrived at Kirriemuir, where, writes he, 'I was most hospitably entertained by Mr Stewart, a brother piper, who, like every one else, pretended to know me for no less a character than the celebrated Captain Barclay. This I stoutly denied, but without altering his opinion. He, however, forced me to commence business in the streets next morning. Here I gained 6d., and a similar sum in Alyth in the afternoon; 1s. 6d. in Blairgowrie the next morning; and 2s. 11d. in Dunkeld in the evening.'

'At Crieff,' he continues, 'although one of the largest towns I have met with since commencing business, I could only screw out 2s. amongst the inhabitants; and a very conscientious publican, in whose house I had domiciled myself for the time being, only screwed 5s. from me. You will allow this was not a very profitable transaction; but I comforted myself that I was like the old woman who bought a lot of eggs for two shillings, and sold them for one; she said, "her profit was but small; but no matter, it was always turning over the money." The inhabitants of this Highland city had a great dispute among themselves about who I really was. One party said I was the Duke of Argyle in disguise, and another that I was Lord John Campbell; and during the time I played in their streets, the worthy Highlanders asked me for "The Campbells are coming" at least twenty times, out of compliment to myself.' He passed on through Muthill, Dunblane, and Bannockburn, with but middling success, so far as his receipts went, although so kindly treated by the inhabitants of each place, that he reluctantly set out for Glasgow, 'seated on a beautiful little pony,' which a Mr Pitcaithly of Dunfermline forced him to accept for the journey. 'I met,' says he, 'a great many people as I ambled along the road, who all gazed at my grotesque appearance with eyes and mouth. I suppose they either took me for the renowned Sancho Panza, or the no-less famed tailor riding to Brentford.'

He seems to have been anxious to get into Ireland as speedily as possible; so that, without playing a tune, he passed through Glasgow, and on to Greenock, where he took the packet to Londonderry. Here, as well as in all the towns and villages which he visited in Ireland at this time, he met with the greatest kindness from all sorts of people. He was invited to play at parties, and was well remunerated for his pains: halls were at his service, so that he might amuse the people without being at the trouble of perambulating the streets; and landlords of inns would rarely charge anything for his food and accommodation. Speaking of Londonderry, he says—'I lodged at Mr T. Patterson's, was kindly entertained, and nothing charged. I sold my wind to good purpose in the streets of the Maiden City: I collected £2, 13s. 10d. for about three hours' work on the evenings of the 3d and 4th. Now, *Master French*, what think you of this piece of Irish hospitality? Will the sons of the Grande Nation use their fiddler in the same kind manner as the sons of St Patrick are like to do their piper? Faith I much doubt it; but time will show, and then let those laugh that win. . . . I have said it, and I see I am right—that the Irish, high and low, are the most friendly to strangers of any other nation in the known world.' The only place where he met with a want of hospitality was in his inn at Newtown-Limavady; 'but the generosity of the ladies and gentlemen, and the inhabitants of that place in general, made up for my host's want of hospitality; for although the town is exceedingly small, yet I received, in return for my Scotch reels, the sum of 11s. 5d.' At Coleraine, 'I, very Scotchman-like, kept the crown o'

the causeuv, with a view to swindle the inhabitants with as little trouble to myself as possible; but, alas! the best laid schemes of men and mice are often frustrated, for my evil genius had been beforehand with me, and whispered it through the whole town that I was a duke, or a lord, or a colonel, or Counsellor O'Connel, playing for a wager of £5000; that I was obliged to play in all the principal cities and towns in Scotland, England, and Ireland, but was by no means allowed to receive any money. Their eyes were opened, however, at last (but not until I was playing my concluding tune—namely, "We'll gang nae mair to yon town") by a worthy son of Vulcan, who had made so free with whisky, that he could with difficulty preserve his equilibrium. Not till then did the worthy burgesses of Coleraine set the most fatal error into which they had fallen; but they were not long in redeeming the time, for I had no sooner arrived at my inn than a deputation was sent by the prince of the land to request me to remain another day, and entertain a party of ladies and gentlemen who were to assemble in the town-hall the following evening. After a few hums and haws, by way of showing my consequence, I at last gulped down my wounded pride, and deigned to return them a most gracious answer; and the next day I attended accordingly, and was soon surrounded by a large assemblage of beauty and fashion. . . . My loving subjects then took their departure, but not without leaving me, by way of remembrance, the sum of £2, 16s. 8d.; and before I closed my eyes for the night, I received £1 from Mr Young of Glendaff for playing three tunes, which made my receipts at Coleraine £3, 16s. 8d.' At Balleymoney 'I did the good people the honour to parade their streets in the afternoon, for which they gave me 14s. 10d., a sum I did not expect from the size of the place. Most of the respectable gentlemen in the place visited me in the evening, so that my time passed away in the same happy manner as on former occasions.'

A considerable portion of the piper's narrative is taken up with commenting upon certain paragraphs which appeared in the newspapers about him, and which seem generally to have not a little annoyed him. The 'Glasgow Free Press' gives a paragraph headed, 'A Military Movement,' which he copies and enlarges upon; and in the 'Newry Telegraph' appeared the following:—

'A Scotch piper, reported (we will not say how truly) to be an eminent sporting character, a gentleman, forsooth! in disguise, attracted considerable attention last week in Newry, Armagh, and the neighbouring towns and villages, in the character we have mentioned, for a wager. Be this as it may, we can only say that the *bait* has taken most admirably with the good people of Ireland. Cash was pouring in on this most fortunate piper from every quarter, and it is calculated he has received not less than from *ten to twelve pounds* per day; but then it is no matter—it has been well bestowed, for he is not a common stroller—oh no! he has the honour to be a gentleman *vagabond*. We only wish that the money thus lavishly, and, we will add, shamefully thrown away on a nameless wanderer, had been appropriated to the relief of our wretched countrymen in Paisley, or to some other equally benevolent purpose.'

This paragraph he comments largely upon, and is at a good deal of pains to refute some of the statements made. From his own account of what he received at the several places, it is clear that the 'Telegraph's' statement of 'ten to twelve pounds per day' is a gross exaggeration. He lashes the editor of the 'Telegraph' to a great extent, and empties a whole bagful of acrimony upon him, after which he seems to be somewhat eased, but continues to give him an occasional whip throughout the remainder of his narrative.

After visiting Antrim, Carrickfergus, Belfast, Armagh, Newry, Drogheada, &c. taking from £1 to £3 in each, he arrives at Dublin. Passing a few flattering remarks on that city, its society, &c. he writes, 'I had

been invited by a Mr O'Neil, proprietor of the Ship Tavern, to perform every evening at his house, which is generally well frequented. I accordingly commenced action at the tavern door, and played round Eden Quay and part of Sackville Street, attended by two police-officers and about two thousand hearers. Oh dear me! had my friend Mr Paul Pry, *alias* the editor of the "Newry Telegraph," been there, he would have seen such a *pour* of half-crowns and shillings as would have rent his tender heart in twain. But folks will spend their money in the way that best pleases them, in spite of all opposition. A great many of my followers accompanied me into O'Neil's very spacious coffee-room, where I was mounted on a seat considerably more elevated than the rest. Here I stood, or rather sat, my ground until twelve o'clock at night, in defiance of all the tumblers of whisky punch and quizzing glasses which were levelled against me; for which warlike deed I received thunders of applause, besides a considerable number of small round pieces, bearing the words *George 3d D. G. Britt. Rex. F. D.* on the one side, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense* on the other, which may be Hebrew or Gaelic for what I either know or care, so long as I know that such whirligigs are the sole salvation of my trade. I began now to turn very careless of street-walking, when I found that I could be employed in respectable taverns to greater advantage.'

We next find the piper in Cork, where, he says, 'I found, on landing, that my name was already *up*, for the people seemed to be as well acquainted with all my movements as if I had appeared in the streets with "a piper to let" printed on my back and front. The proprietor of the Lyceum made me an offer of that respectable establishment, *gratis*.' In reference to his performances in the Lyceum, 'the Southern Reporter' of 13th September 1828, says:—

'The Lyceum Hall continues to be filled every evening, *ad pleniorum*, by crowds whose curiosity has been so much excited by the minstrelsy of the celebrated Scotch piper, lately arrived in this city. The nature of his undertaking is of itself novel, for it is said that he is travelling to support himself for a certain time by his performances; and we suspect, from the *éclat* with which he has been received, that he will not only accomplish the full terms of his wager, but have a large sum to devote to purposes of charity.'

There was of course no charge made for admission into the hall; but his receipts by donation amounted to £15.

On reaching Belfast, he found himself almost unable to walk with rheumatism; so that he 'thought it was high time to leave the Isle of wit and liberality, and revisit its twin-sister, the "land o' cakes" and kail-brose, to lay up for a season, and undergo a thorough repair.' In about a month after this, we find him on his feet again, serenading the good folks of Greenock, where, he tells us, that on the 7th of October, a wet and stormy night, he scoured the streets for nearly two hours, receiving for his music 7s. in copper, and a silver sixpence. He then tried Port-Glasgow, where he met with indifferent success; and thence to Dumbarton, where he meets with most hospitable entertainment, and good remuneration for his wind. Paragraph again began to appear in the Glasgow papers; and thinking that the expectation of seeing such a noted character might have raised a ferment in that quarter, he, in order to give the excitement time to subside, visited Dumfries; and there was he to be seen driving a strong business on the sands where the fairs are held. The subjoined description of one of his exploits, which he states to be perfectly correct, was given in the 'Dumfries Courier':—

'The piper, who is presently going his rounds to fulfil a certain engagement, visited this town during last week. One of the days of his sojourn he appeared on the white sands, and was much applauded by all and sundry. A hero of the *sack*, who had seen at least fifty anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne, asked the piper

to play a certain party tune, and offered him a retaining fee. This proposition was loudly denounced by a sturdy Irish Catholic, who swore he would beat the piper black and blue if he dared to obey an injunction so scandalous. Not contented with this, he followed the musician for some time, and annoyed him so much, that he at last told the fellow that it would require a much better man to break his head or his pipes either. This but led to an angry parley; and to cut the matter short, the minstrel laid aside his instrument, called for a ring, and gave the assailant a splendid spice of his quality. According to report, he fought like a first-rate pugilist, floored his man more than once, and in the course of a very few minutes placed him completely *hors de combat*—that in place of the ring, he soon made him a fit subject for the Dumfries infirmary. Laughter at last gave way to pity. Such as knew Pat washed his face, and carried him home to bed; while the piper quietly resumed his music, and went on his way rejoicing.'

The following day, when on his way from Dumfries to Glasgow, the piper had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he heard a female voice, a full note above concert-pitch, screaming out, 'Hoch now, your honour, and may the powers above be after looking down in mercy upon you entirely; and sure it was my husband, and no one else, that your honourable lordship was obliged to murder yesterday, thundering bad luck to his father's son that he could not mind his own business, and let your worshipful majesty alone.' 'The purport of this harangue was easily understood,' says the piper, 'and I accordingly gave her the whole of my earnings in Dumfries, amounting to £1. 10s.'

'At Glasgow,' he writes, 'I hired a lodging in one of the most obscure streets, and engaged a Broomielaw porter for a *wallie* (valet), as he termed it. I never appeared in the character of a piper during the day; but no sooner had "The sun gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond," than the melodious strains of my pipes made the *welkin* ring. My auditory were in general as numerous, and about as respectable, as what you have seen at an execution in Dublin. Be this as it may, pennies and halfpennies followed so fast at one another's heels, that, before nine o'clock, I had commonly as much copper in my pockets as would have loaded any ass in the city.'

Our piper now wanders eastward, through Stirling, Alloa, Falkirk, and Linlithgow. Alloa, he remarks, has been long famed for its ale; 'but,' continues he, 'as that is probably the only good qualification it possesses, the less that's said the sooner mended.' The other places mentioned seem to have given him satisfaction. His next appearance is in the kingdom of Fife. 'I had proposed,' says he, 'as soon as I should arrive in Fife, to do business on a pretty large scale. I consequently piped in Burntisland, Kinghorn, and Kirkaldy, all in one day—the latter of which is one-continued street of three miles long; and it is my humble opinion that the musician who plays up one side of it and down the other for 2s. 1d., as I did, may with great safety say devil take the gainer.' He proceeds eastward, piping through the numerous little fishing towns that lie along the coast. 'While at Leven I was introduced to a Mr Keddie, writer in Cupar, who met me at Ely on Saturday, according to appointment. Had he not done so, I should have met with a sorry reception; but Mr Keddie had invited a very pleasant party to meet me in the evening; and before we parted, we were as well-nigh drunk as Miller Robertson, a famed Scotch piper, who could not lie on a hay-field without holding by the grass.' He of course plays through Anster; but, strange to say, he makes no allusion to the far-famed Maggie Lauder, she whose name, above all others, should waken up strains of rapture in a piper's breast. A few days longer his sojourns in Fife, visiting St Andrews, Cupar, and the other principal towns.

A short paragraph from the 'Scotsman' will give the next view of our piper:—'The piper, who has been for

some time past perambulating Ireland and Scotland, made his appearance in the streets of Leith last night, imitating Habbie Simpson. Although he fingers uncommonly well, still we think Halbert's fame is in no danger with him. But we think he can use his fists as well as his fingers; for a sailor having popped his eyes too near the silver-mounted spectacles, got such a *north-wester* as made him reel nearly half a league out of his latitude.

And here we lose sight of the piper, for with this ends the first part of his 'Tour.' That the book from which I have quoted is not a fiction, is made pretty clear by its own nature. Any one writing a fiction of the 'Wandering Piper' would not have wasted about one-half of his work in ill-natured remarks upon editors of newspapers and other kindred subjects, to which our piper seems to be painfully given. Besides, the fictitious writer would have made a better job of his work: his incidents would have been more various and more interesting. The piper, indeed, must have been very deficient in literary taste; for with the opportunity he had for observing character and meeting with adventure, one would have been led to expect something far superior to the meagre production before us. The 'Tour,' in short, in its simplicity, bears all the evidence of genuine truth; and hence it may safely be concluded that the piper was no myth, but a real, and in many respects a commonplace man.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE COURSE—CHURCH—CALCUTTA DAY—THE DRIVE.

December 20th.—I have had my first drive to-day—not in the evening, as I expected, but directly after breakfast; it being quite cool enough at this season to venture out in the day-time under the double roof of a carriage, all the sides of which are open or closed at pleasure by Venetians. We had to drive into Calcutta, and then on to the ghat where we had landed, and there take boat to our old ship, our object being to bring off a few little odds and ends we had left in the cabin, and to superintend the disembarkation of your beautiful pianoforte, which had been such a source of enjoyment to me during our long voyage. The carpenter screwed on the packing-case front again very nicely, and we saw it out of the boat, and away on the heads of four *coolies* (common porters, or day-labourers), who thought themselves munificently rewarded for carrying such a load a couple of miles or beyond the town by receiving half a rupee among them. We stayed on board half an hour longer, to watch the slinging out of some fine English horses, whose miseries it is to be hoped this last unhappy-looking act is to be the end of. They trembled a good deal, poor creatures, when deposited in the broad-decked boat that was to convey them ashore. The river is very grand here—wide, and full, and crowded with shipping, the animation of the scene much heightened by the multitude of little busy boats darting perpetually around the larger vessels. Part of the ceremonies of our return were a little startling. The banks of the Hoogly are so muddy, that, except at quite high water, when the boats can get close up to the steps of the ghat, people have to be carried to the landing on little platforms, a wooden seat, something like the bottom of a chair set on two poles, which two coolies lift up, and away they plunge with it, very much to the disagreeable surprise of the person who for the first time finds himself thus accommodated. Really, Arthur and I, thus perched up amid all surroundings, must have been an amusing sight to any spectator on the quay of a grade to laugh at us; but at that hour of the day we were pretty safe from observation. In the evening our display would have been public enough.

A good road stretches all along by the bank of the river on a raised terrace at some little distance from the water, to allow for occasional floods. This is the famous Course, the fashionable evening promenade. It must

be four or five miles long, beginning so low down as the Docks and Garden Reach, but not being there open to the river, so that the crowd of company who throng to the upper end seldom proceed among the villas of that pretty suburb, a part of the environs I particularly admire, each handsome house standing so snugly in its little park-like grounds bounded by the water's edge. The carriages generally turn at a bridge thrown across a small river or canal called here a *nullah*, near the fort, and then go back to within a short distance from Government House, turning again at a fine ghat with a well-designed Grecian-temple sort of gateway built over it. The road extends much higher up, passing the Court-house, the Mint, and other public buildings in the town; but this part is not in favour as a drive. Running parallel to this new road by the river half-way across the Esplanade—as the fine open space before Government House is named—is the old Course, which was the Mall in the olden time. It cuts this fine plain right in two. Beyond the outer half, opposite the river, lies Chowringhee, and opposite to Government House is the fort, thus forming a grand square. The whole extent of all we see is flat—perfectly flat; not even a mole-hill rises to break the uniformity of a plain extending hundreds of miles in every direction. Yet it is a pleasing scene. There is no such thing as what we call a street to be seen, with a regular row of adjoining houses: the nearest approach to one is merely a road, with now a house on one side, and then a house on the other, each enclosed in a garden. A very favourite situation is that in which we live, Chowringhee Road, on one side only of which stand these garden-houses. In front of us, recollect, is the open esplanade, the Mydaun they call it; and beyond it flows the river, from whence the breeze, unchecked, blows freely into the veranda. At right angles to us, on the right hand, is Esplanade Row, ending with Government House; and there is one mile of open space between that row and the fort. Taking the shipping into the account, it is certainly a strikingly fine Indian city view. Straight rows of garden-houses extend behind the Chowringhee Road far out into the country, and the public offices and the town stand behind the Esplanade Row. There is no natural or artificial irregularity to suggest the curve, the sweep, the waving line of beauty—all is mathematically laid down as if by rule and compass.

The effect is very strange of seeing so far before, behind, and all round—the whole picture swarming with dark, half-naked little figures huddling along, as if on purpose to run over one another, there being no footways. Carriages, palanquins, carts, horses, men—all go along how they can, and where they can; and what a curious crowd it is! The coolies, who swarm over the surface of the ground, ready for the smallest hire to do the work of beasts of burthen, are too poor even to afford themselves a turban—that most essential piece of dress—where the fierce sun-rays beat so cruelly upon the unprotected head; a bit of cloth about the loins is their only habiliment. A higher class, again, appear in coarse canvas or cotton turbans, or at least a skull-cap; and a garment of a simple form, neither trousers nor petticoat, ingeniously put on without any sort of fastening, merely by plaiting it in folds, and tucking it into rolls supported by the hips. This, it seems, is the true Hindoo dress. Those who can afford it, wear besides a white cotton scarf, flung over the upper part of the person, leaving much of the breast bare. A still better grade wear under this scarf a close-fitting shirt, which makes the whole dress decent. The superior castes of Hindoos, and all the Mussulmans, are respectably apprilled, as I have described the dress of our upper servants. There is not that picturesque variety of costume I expected to find here; at least this, my first drive, has disappointed me in this respect, and the first impressions of so new a scene should have been the other way. They tell me that there really is much less to remark here on this score than at either of the other Presidencies, more particularly at Bombay, where

Persians, Georgians, Arabs, Jews, Parsees, and Armenians, add by far the most interesting figures to the multifarious groups.

We got back to a late tiffin, and found Cary quite wearied out with the fatigue of an immense levee. Half the ladies of her acquaintance appeared to have called, some of them avowedly to get the first peep of the new fashions; and extremely disappointed they seemed to be at her not volunteering to call my new ayah to exhibit them. They would have been much more disappointed if she had; two bonnets and half-a-dozen gowns being my stock in trade in this line. We have expatriated ourselves, not for the purpose of spending money, but for that of making it, and quickly too; and if visiting is to cost us much in dress or otherwise, we shall have to restrict ourselves to a very select society. We began to-night the regular drive on the Course, turning and returning with a very respectable array of carriages and equestrians. We were introduced to every one that approached us; and Edward invited to dinner two young civilians, one of whom has some employment under himself in the court of the Suddha Adhwut.

21st.—This being Sunday, we all prepared for church. We drove into the town to the cathedral—St John's Cathedral it is called—a fine building, simply, but neatly appointed. The rows of flounced punkahs hanging down from the high roof struck my unaccustomed eye 'pretty considerably,' and the effect must be singular when they are waving unceasingly over the heads of the congregation. They must put people to sleep I should think. At present they are not in use, the heat not being such as to make them necessary. There was but a scanty assemblage, few very distinguished-looking persons, and not many men. We had a good plain sermon. In the evening, at five o'clock, punctual to the moment, came the carriage round to take us the daily drive. It is a custom never omitted without some unusual reason; and a very salutary custom it is, as the air from the river is delightfully cool and refreshing at that hour. Here is the outline of a Calcutta day:—early rising—up at gun-fire, just before it is light. A walk, a ride, or drive before the sun is high for those who like exercise at that time—a bath, a cup of coffee, a rest with a book perhaps—dress, breakfast. The husband to his business, the wife to hers, and then her visits either at home or abroad. Tiffin—undress rest—bathe—re-dress—drive. Dinner at home, and bed at ten: dinner in company leads to later hours. Any break in this monotonous existence is, I hear, a God-send—to those at least who make no other use of the hours of rest than to lay themselves listless on a sofa after wearying themselves with visits and visitors. The tiffin always appears to me to be about the pleasantest part of the day, one or two intimate friends generally remaining for it: it is the most necessary meal too to some, though there are people who do without it, or at anyrate take nothing beyond a bit of bread with fruit; but the generality of constitutions become exhausted by two o'clock, and not dining till seven or eight, they are all the better of a substantial luncheon and a cool glass of beer, or wine and soda-water. Even the juries are allowed time for tiffin. The heat here makes me eat as the bracing cold of a winter's day used to make me do in England.

22d.—Having been exhibited on the Course, and shown in the cathedral, it is incumbent on us now to leave cards at all the houses where we intend visiting. None of the courts being now sitting, Edward borrowed a buggy, and carried off Arthur on a tour of their own. Such a queer machine! 'Tis like a gig with a hood to it, and the hood has a hole in the back, closed at will by a flap, to let in the dust or the air, or both. Caroline and I went in more state in the carriage, list in hand, and a chobdar with his silver stick behind us. We found a great many ladies out, gates close shut, so we left our cards. A good many were in, gates invitingly open, and the porter ready twice to strike the

bell. We did not save our cards though. The natives make such extraordinary sounds in imitation of our names, that it is quite a matter of necessity to announce ourselves. In the real old Indian houses, where the master happened to be at home, the two strokes of the bell brought him to the door to receive us, and offer his arm to help us to mount the stairs. In all houses where gentlemen were present during our visit we were escorted by them back to the carriage: certainly women are treated with peculiar politeness in India. We found our acquaintance all occupied—some with their babies; some with their ayahs and dirjees; some working, drawing, or writing, as at home, for this is the cool and the active season; and some were sitting in little family parties, with intimate friends come in to spend the day, as is very much the fashion here.

It will take us several mornings to get through even my amended list; really the length of the one my sister made out for me was alarming. Some of the distances we have to go are considerable—to Garden Reach, for instance; and it does not do to be out too long in the sun, even under the double roof of a good carriage: there is something very fierce in these noontide rays. These rather long drives will not prevent our faithfully frequenting in the evenings the pretty drive by the Hoogly, as Edward keeps two pair of carriage-horses. I have hardly called your attention sufficiently to that lively scene. The wide Course crowded with carriages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, the river, more than a mile broad, covered with shipping on the one hand, and the fine plain of the Mydaum on the other, form altogether a picture of no common interest. It amuses me much to watch the strange variety of carriages, drawn by horses no bigger than Galloways, harnessed in the English style, but driven by Mussulman coachmen, who certainly do not look at all at home upon an elevation their forefathers never dreamed of their attaining. Fancy people who never sit on a chair or a stool, or any seat but the floor, suddenly exalted upon the coach-box of an English carriage! They look exactly as if they did not know how they got there; and awkward charioteers they make, in the turns especially, such sweeps as sailors would call good offings at sea. Accidents do happen with such unskillful guides, but more rarely than strangers would believe possible. A running footman attends every horse—the syce who feeds and cleans him. Regal style you will say, as you have not seen it, for the appearance of some of the poor ill-paid men, who can afford no better clothing than that worn by the low Hindoo, detracts a good deal from the grandeur. These men are brought up to run with the horse, whatever his pace may be, and they can keep up very well for a certain time. However, people are beginning to find out there is want of wisdom in tiring the man who is to groom the steed; and many now let the syce cling to the step of the buggy, or stand behind the carriage, hanging on a bit lower than the two chuprassies, or the two chobdars, as the case may be. The Anglo-Indians generally dress their syces much in the same style as they dress their coachmen—a shorter tunic merely, and no trousers—the natives, and a few careless English, are content to leave their poor grooms in their nearly naked simplicity, all except the head. The masters seldom neglect giving turbans and cumberbands, English masters at least, as it is rather the fashion to have these of the colour of the family livery; and the turbans are frequently made up stiffly on a frame, which looks very ugly, quite a different head-dress from the long, graceful, white or red scarf, rolled tightly round the temples. The excuse for adopting this formal substitute is, that these untidy servants regularly pull off all their clothing the moment they are out of sight, and then, when called for, they would not have time to fold on the turban. Some thorough John Bulls add a coloured band edged with gold or silver lace round or across these *bonnets* or *berets*, for they have no resemblance to turbans. I have even heard of a crest stuck up in the front of

them, thus really distorting a beautiful and becoming national head-dress.

Among the carriages of so many forms, an ugly but very comfortable one much struck me, called a *palkee garey*; literally, a palanquin carriage. It is just a roomy palanquin on wheels, only with a well for the feet, as people *sit* in it. Surely here is the origin of our useful Brougham? In the palanquin itself the inmates lie, their heads supported by a cushioned desk. This machine resembles a large trunk, with an opening on each side of it. It is borne on poles, one pole at each end, fixed in, about the middle of the panel, and placed on the bare shoulders of all but naked men; two to each pole, who shuffle along in crooked-looking pairs, at a sharp trot, grunting most inharmoniously, as if at their last gasp, while their outside unemployed arms work up and down in time with the motion of their feet. The person inside has a forlorn appearance, as if carried off prisoner somewhere. Yet it is a pleasant way of going a short distance, quite as easy as a chair; and but for the grunt, which makes one fancy the bearers are suffering, I should be inclined to adopt this native vehicle. In this enumeration of Indian conveyances, the common cranchie must not be forgotten, so well described by Bishop Heber as looking like the skeleton of a London hackney-coach. It really seems, when new out of the maker's hands, ready to fall in pieces. It is drawn by the most miserable ponies that were ever seen able to crawl. The harnessing is quite of a piece with the rest of this equipage:—A pole, no traces, but a yoke instead of them, laid across the ponies' backs, supported by two pads, which are fastened to the two collars, and in some mysterious manner all this catches the pole. The driver is perhaps the strangest part of the whole—diminutive as the horses, and wasted like the carriage, with no covering but a dirty bit of coarse sacking round his middle, and a peculiar drapery of the same material hanging about his head; these two parts of the person being what most require protection—the loins from the damp, and the brains from the sun. His attitude, too, is extraordinary. He generally stands leaning forward, one thin arm high above his head, brandishing the bamboo rod with its cocoanut thong over the wretched ponies, which, one way or another, do get along, and pretty fast too, with this rickety machine behind them. Within it sit, maybe, three or four fat natives of some respectability, well turbaned, yet naked from the waist upwards. The Europeans never use these cranchies: if they have not carriages of their own, they hire a palkee, unless they happen to possess one; and if they do not keep a sufficient number of bearers, they can hire as many as they want. Almost everybody has a carriage, however, and two pair of horses, if he goes much out; or at any rate three horses, and perhaps a buggy, as much more agreeable than so many idle bearers; two of these gentry being quite sufficient to do the chambermaid's work in a moderate-sized house.

MIRABEAU.

AN ANECDOTE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

THE public life as well as the private character of Mirabeau are universally known; but the following anecdote has not, we believe, been recorded in any of the biographies. The particulars were included in the brief furnished to M. de Galitzane, advocate-general in the parliament of Provence, when he was retained for the defence of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. de Galitzane afterwards followed the Bourbons into exile, and returned with them in 1814; and it is on his authority that the story is given as fact.

Mirabeau had just been released from the donjon of the castle of Vincennes near Paris. He had been confined there for three years and a-half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, a *lettre-de-cachet*. His imprisonment had been of a most painful nature; and it was

prolonged at the instance of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being reconciled to his father, the confinement terminated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.

One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris; and it was settled that he should go on a visit to his brother-in-law, Count du Saillant, whose estate was situated a few leagues from the city of Limoges, the capital of the Limousin. Accordingly, the count went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they pursued their journey at once with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorial château created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on account of his brilliant talents, but also for his violent passions; and they hastened to the château to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were mere sportsmen, whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any other book than the local almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their time, talk about their rural affairs, dine abundantly, and wash down their food with strong Auvergne wine.

Count du Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbours. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his château was perhaps the most civilised country residence in the Limousin. People came from a considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; and among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch, indeed, the young Limousin noblemen, when they joined their regiments, to don their sword and epaulettes for the first time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cultivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post in this society, many of the component members whereof seemed to have barely reached the first degrees in the scale of civilisation. His vigorous frame; his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frizzled *coiffure*; his huge face, indented with scars, and furrowed with seams, from the effect of small-pox injudiciously treated in his childhood; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war within him; his mouth, whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation, and benevolence; his dress, always carefully attended to, but in an exaggerated style, giving him somewhat the air of a travelling charlatan decked out with embroidery, large frill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary-looking individual astonished the country-folks even before he opened his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by some interesting subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustic hearers felt as though they were in the presence of a saint, others in that of a devil; and according to their several impressions, they were tempted either to fall down at his feet, or to exorcise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, those men, who seemed to belong to the primitive ages; so simple, frank, and at the same time clownish, were they in their manners. He listened to their conversations, which generally

turned upon the chase, the exploits of their dogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; ameliorations in husbandry; and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good-nature.

This monotonous life was, however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it, and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied for several hours in writing, he was in the habit of taking a fowling-piece, according to the custom of the country, and putting a book into his game-bag, he would frequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admired the noble forests of chestnut-trees which abound in the Limousin; the vast meadows, where numerous herds of cattle of a superior breed are reared; and the running streams by which that picturesque country is intersected. He generally returned to the château long after sunset, saying that night scenery was peculiarly attractive to him.

It was during and after supper that those conversations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the principal and the most interesting materials. He possessed the knack of provoking objections to what he might advance, in order to combat them, as he did with great force of logic and in energetic language; and thus he gave himself lessons in argument, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim being to exercise his mental ingenuity and to cultivate eloquence. Above all, he was fond of discussing religious matters with the curé of the parish. Without displaying much latitudinarianism, he disputed several points of doctrine and certain pretensions of the church so acutely, that the pastor could say but little in reply. This astonished the Limousin gentry, who, up to that time, had listened to nothing but the drowsy discourses of their curés, or the sermons of some obscure mendicant friars, and who placed implicit faith in the dogmas of the church. The faith of a few was shaken, but the greater number of his hearers were very much tempted to look upon the visitor as an emissary of Satan sent to the château to destroy them. The curé, however, did not despair of eventually converting Mirabeau.

At this period several robberies had taken place at a great distance from the château: four or five farmers had been stopped shortly after nightfall on their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these persons had offered any resistance, for each preferred to make a sacrifice rather than run the risk of a struggle in a country full of ravines, and covered with a rank vegetation very favourable to the exploits of brigands, who might be lying in wait to massacre any individual who might resist the one detached from the band to demand the traveller's money or his life. These outrages ceased for a short time, but they soon recommenced, and the robbers remained undiscovered.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the château. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighbouring fair. This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, and spoke but little, which surprised everybody, inasmuch as he was usually a merry companion. His gasconades had frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and of this he was not a little proud. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often told glowing tales about his own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took the roars of laughter with which they were usually received very good-humouredly.

Count du Saillant, being much surprised at this sudden change in his friend's manner, took him aside after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to

another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to obtain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy and taciturnity. At length the visitor said—'Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling you one of my fables, as you are pleased to call them; and perhaps this time we might fall out.'

'What do you mean?' cried Count du Saillant: 'this seems to be a serious affair. Am I, then, connected with your presentiments?'

'Not exactly you; but—'

'What does this *but* mean? Has it anything to do with my wife? Explain yourself.'

'Not the least in the world. Madame du Saillant is in nowise concerned in the matter; but—'

'But!—*but!* you tire me out with your *buts*. Are you resolved still to worry me with your mysteries? Tell me at once what has occurred—what has happened to you?'

'Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I was frightened.'

'Frightened—and at what? By whom? For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this painful state of uncertainty.'

'Do you really wish me to speak out?'

'Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship.'

'Well, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your château.'

'Stopped! In what way? By whom?'

'Why, stopped as people are stopped by footpads. A gun was levelled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not ask me any more questions.'

'Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance?'

'It being dark, I could not exactly discover: I can not positively say. However, it seems to me—'

'What seems to you? What or whom do you think you saw?'

'I never can tell you.'

'Speak—speak: you cannot surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice?'

'No; but if the said malefactor should be—'

'If he were my own son, I should insist upon your telling me.'

'Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was your brother-in-law, MIRABEAU! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before, fear—'

'Impossible: no, it cannot be. Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You are mistaken, my good friend.'

'Certainly—certainly.'

'Let us not speak any more of this,' said Count du Saillant. 'We will return to the drawing-room, and I hope you will be as gay as usual; if not, I shall set you down as a madman. I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought anything of.' And the gentlemen re-entered the drawing-room, one a short time before the other.

The visitor succeeded in resuming his accustomed manner; but the count fell into a gloomy reverie in spite of all his efforts. He could not banish from his mind the extraordinary story he had heard: it haunted him; and at last, worn out with the most painful conjectures, he again took his friend aside, questioned him afresh, and the result was, that a plan was agreed upon for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De —— should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it were, that he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party at a friend's house to dinner, and that he purposed coming afterwards to take a bed at the château, where he hoped to arrive at about nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conversation, when all the guests were present—good care being taken that it should be

heard by Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of chess with the curé.

A week passed away, in the course of which a farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and at length the critical night arrived.

Count du Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbearable when the hour for his friend's promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance. Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of lightning, thunder, and heavy rain came on; in the midst of it the bell at the gate of the courtyard rang loudly. The count rushed out of the room into the courtyard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his side. His guest was in the act of dismounting.

'Well,' said M. De —, 'I have been stopped. It is really he. I recognised him perfectly.'

Not a word more was spoken then; but as soon as the groom had led the horse to the stables, M. De — rapidly told the count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordered him to throw down his purse. At that moment a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a portion of the robber's person, and M. De — rode at him; but the robber retreated a few paces, and then levelling his gun at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake, 'Pass on, or you are a dead man!' Another flash of lightning showed the whole of the robber's figure: it was Mirabeau, whose voice had already betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no inclination to be shot, put spurs to his horse, and soon reached the château.

The count enjoined strict silence, and begged of his friend to avoid displaying any change in his usual demeanour when in company with the other guests; he then ordered his valet to come again to him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Half an hour afterwards Mirabeau arrived. He was wet to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the count that he could not join the company at the evening meal, and begged that his supper might be brought to his room; and he went to bed as soon as he had supped.

All went on as usual with the party assembled below, excepting that the gentleman who had had so unpleasant an adventure on the road appeared more gay than usual.

When his guests had all departed, the master of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's apartment. He found him fast asleep, and was obliged to shake him rather violently before he could rouse him.

'What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?' cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

'What do I want? I want to tell you that you are a wretch!'

'A fine compliment, truly!' replied Mirabeau with the greatest coolness. 'It was scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me: go away, and let me sleep.'

'Can you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-table?'

'I was wet through—tired—harassed: I had been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep: do you want to keep me chattering all night?'

'I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De — on his way hither this evening: this is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognised you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman then!'

'Would it not have been all in good time to tell me this to-morrow morning?' said Mirabeau with inimitable *sang-froid*. 'Supposing that I did stop your friend, what of that?'

'That you are a wretch!'

'And that you are a fool, my dear Du Saillant. Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire? I wished to put him to the proof, and to put myself to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society: the trial was a dangerous one; but I have made it several times. I am satisfied with myself—but your friend is a coward.' He then felt in the pocket of his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by his bedside, and drawing a key from it, said, 'Take this key, open my *scrutoire*, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand.'

The count, astounded at so much coolness, and carried away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabeau spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabeau. It contained nine purses; some made of leather, others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label on which was written a date—it was that of the day on which the owner had been stopped and robbed; the sum contained in the purse was also written down.

'You see,' said Mirabeau, 'that I did not wish to reap any pecuniary benefit from my proceedings. A timid person, my dear friend, could never become a highwayman; a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to understand me, therefore I will not attempt to make myself more intelligible. You would talk to me about honour—about religion; but these have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?'

'I obey without reasoning,' replied the count.

'And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason,' rejoined Mirabeau. 'I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally admitted to be faulty. Such a study is a dangerous, but it is a necessary one for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the boundary of the law, whether it be for good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavour to acquire strength enough to combat it if it be bad when the proper time shall arrive.'

'You wish for a convulsion then?' cried the count.

'I neither wish to bring it about nor do I desire to witness it; but should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would second it to the full extent of my power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of. Adieu. I shall depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep.'

Count du Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morning Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

THE ENCHANTED ROCK.

ABOUT four miles west-north-west of Cape Clear Island and lighthouse, on the south-west coast of Ireland, a singularly-shaped rock, called the Fastnett, rises abruptly and perpendicularly a height of ninety feet above the sea level in the Atlantic Ocean. It is about nine miles from the mainland, and the country-people say it is nine miles from every part of the coast.

The Fastnett for ages has been in the undisturbed possession of the cormorant, sea-gull, and various other tribes of sea-fowl, and was also a noted place for large conger eels, bream, and pollack; but from a superstitious dread of the place, the fishermen seldom fished

near it. During foggy weather, and when the rock is partially enveloped in mist, it has very much the appearance of a large vessel under sail—hence no doubt the origin of all the wonderful tales and traditions respecting the Fastnet being enchanted, and its celebrated feats. The old people all along the sea-coast are under the impression that the Fastnet hoists sails before sunrise on the 1st of May in every year, and takes a cruise towards the Dursey Islands, at the north entrance of Bantry Bay, a distance of some forty miles; and that, after dancing several times round the rocks known to mariners as the Bull, Cow, and Calf, it then shapes its homeward course, drops anchor at the spot from whence it sailed, and remains stationary during the remainder of the year.

The Fastnet, however, it appears, is not the only enchanted spot in that locality; for at the head of Schull Harbour, about nine miles north of the rock, on the top of Mount Gabriel—about 1400 feet above the sea-level—is a celebrated lake which the people say is so deep, that the longest line ever made would not reach its bottom. It is also stoutly asserted that a gentleman once dropped his walking-stick into the lake, and that it was afterwards found by a fisherman near the Fastnet. On another occasion, a female wishing to get some water from the lake to perform a miraculous cure on one of her friends, accidentally let fall the jug into the water, and after several months, the identical jug—it could not be mistaken, part of the lip being broken off—was also picked up near the Fastnet. For such reasons the people imagine that there is some mysterious connection between the rock and the lake, and that they have a subterranean passage or means of communication. Captain Wolfe, indeed, during his survey of the coast in 1848, sounded the mysterious pool, and found the bottom with a line *seven feet long*; but the people shake their heads at the idea, and say it was all *freemasonry* on the part of the captain, and ask how he accounts for the affair of the stick and jug? It will be some time, I presume, before this puzzling question can be solved to the satisfaction of all parties; and the traditions of the stick and jug, and many other extraordinary occurrences, are likely to be handed down to succeeding generations. The lake, or bog-hole, must therefore be left alone in its glory; but, alas! not so with the Fastnet.

No more will it hoist sail for its Walpurgic trip, and cruise to the Durseys, for it is now *firmly moored*; and in the hands of man the wonderful Fastnet is reduced to a simple isolated rock in the Atlantic Ocean. During the awful shipwrecks in the winters of 1846 and 1847, but little assistance was derived from the Cape Clear light, which is too elevated, and is often totally obscured by fog, and this drew attention to the Fastnet Rock as a more eligible site for a pharos, being in the immediate route of all outward and homeward-bound vessels: but the great difficulty was to effect a landing, and make the necessary surveys; its sides being almost perpendicular, and continually lashed by a heavy surge or surf. After many attempts, Captain Wolfe did effect a landing; and having made the necessary survey, and reported favourably as to its advantages, it was determined by the Ballast Board to erect on it a lighthouse forthwith. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1847, by sinking or excavating a circular shaft about twelve feet deep in the solid rock; holes were then drilled, in which were fixed strong iron shafts for the framework of the house; and then the masons began to rear the edifice. The workmen found it pleasant enough during the summer and autumn of 1847, and lived in tents on the summit of the rock, and looked over the mainland with the aid of a glass, like so many of their predecessors—the cormorants.

In the spring of 1848, however, when operations were resumed, after a cessation of the works for the winter, the scene changed. It began to blow very hard from the north-west; and the men secured their building, which was now several feet above the rocks, as well as

they could, and covered it over with strong and heavy beams of timber, leaving a small aperture for ingress and egress, and then awaited in silence the result. During the night the wind increased, and the sea broke with such fury over the whole rock, that the men imagined every succeeding wave to be commissioned to sweep them into the abyss. It only extinguished their fire, however, and carried off most of their provisions, together with sundry heavy pieces of cast-iron, a large blacksmith's anvil, and the crane with which the building materials were lifted on the rock. The storm lasted upwards of a week, during which time no vessel or boat could approach; and the crew of this island-ship remained drenched with water, and nearly perished with cold in a dark hole, with nothing to relieve their hunger but water-soaked biscuit. But the wind at length suddenly shifted, the sea moderated, and they were enabled eventually to crawl out of their hole more dead than alive. In a few days a boat approached as near as possible, and by the aid of ropes fastened round their waists, they were drawn one by one from the rock through the boiling surf. The men speedily recovered, and have since raised the building some twenty feet above the ground: the extreme height is to be sixty feet. This is the last adventure of the Enchanted Rock; but we trust brilliant history is before it, in which, instead of expending its energies in idle cruises, it will act the part of the beneficent preserver of life and property.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE USE OF COAL.

BITUMINOUS matter, if not the carboniferous system itself, exists abundantly on the banks of the Euphrates. In the basin of the Nile coal has been recently detected. It occurs sparingly in some of the states of Greece; and Theophrastus, in his 'History of Stones,' refers to mineral coal (*lithas carbo*) being found in Liguria and in Elys, and used by the smiths; the stones are earthy, he adds, but kindle and burn like wood coals (the *andras*). But by none of the Oriental nations does it appear that the vast latent powers and virtues of the mineral were thus early discovered, so as to render it an object of commerce or of geological research. What the Romans termed *lapis amplus*, is generally understood to mean our cannel coal, which they used not as fuel, but in making toys, bracelets, and other ornaments; while their *carbo*, which Pliny describes as *subtempera peritus*, was simply the petroleum or naphtha, which issues so abundantly from all the tertiary deposits. Coal is found in Syria, and the term frequently occurs in the Sacred Writings. But there is no reference anywhere in the inspired record as to digging or boring for the mineral—no directions for its use—no instructions as to its constituting a portion of the promised treasures of the land. In their burnt-offerings, wood appears uniformly to have been employed; in Leviticus, the term is used as synonymous with fire, where it is said that 'the priests shall lay the parts in order upon the wood'—that is, on the fire which is upon the altar. And in the same manner for all domestic purposes, wood and charcoal were invariably made use of. Doubtless the ancient Hebrews would be acquainted with *natural* coal, as in the mountains of Lebanon, whither they continually resorted for their timber, seams of coal near Beirut were seen to protrude through the superincumbent strata in various directions. Still there are no traces of pits or excavations into the rock to show that they duly appreciated the extent and uses of the article. . . . For many reasons it would seem that, among modern nations, the primitive Britons were the first to avail themselves of the valuable combustible. The word by which it is designated is not of Saxon, but of British extraction, and is still employed to this day by the Irish, in their form of *o-gual*, and in that of *solas* by the Cornish. In Yorkshire, stone hammers and hatchets have been found in old mines, showing that the early Britons worked coals before the invasion of the Romans. Manchester, which has risen upon the very ashes of the mineral, and grown to all its wealth and greatness under the influence of its heat and light, next claims the merit of the discovery. Portions of coal have been found under, or imbedded in, the sand of a Roman way, excavated some years ago for the construction of a house, and which at

the time were ingeniously conjectured by the local antiquaries to have been collected for the use of the garrison stationed on the route of these warlike invaders at Mansions, or the Place of Tents. Certain it is that fragments of coal are being constantly, in the district, washed out and brought down by the Medlock and other streams, which break from the mountains through the coal strata. The attention of the inhabitants would in this way be the more early and readily attracted by the glistening substance. Nevertheless, for long after coal was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III., of date 1284, a license is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals for the first time began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three millions of tons. The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries. . . . Under the regime of domestic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1291—at Dysart and other places along the Fife coast, about half a century later—and generally in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to the churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethius records that in his time the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug 'a black stone,' which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron.—*Rev. Dr Anderson's Course of Creation.* [A popular view, just published, of the animated world in Pre-Adamic times.]

BE NOT TOO FASTIDIOUS.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world, for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. With respect to that fastidiousness which disturbs the right conduct of the understanding, it must be observed that there are two modes of judging of anything: one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before; the other, by what we can conceive may be done in that way. Now this latter method of mere imaginary excellence can hardly be a just

criterion, because it may be, in fact, impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive; no man, before he has tried, can tell how difficult it is to manage prejudice, jealousy, and delicacy, and to overcome all that friction which the world opposes to speculation. Therefore the fair practical rule seems to be, to compare any exertion with all similar exertions which have preceded it, and to allow merit to any one who has improved, or at least who has not deteriorated, the standard of excellence in his own department of knowledge. Fastidious men are always judging by the other standard; and as the rest of the understanding cannot fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I beg leave to lift up both my hands against that pernicious faculty of temper in the estimation of which everything is charming and delightful.—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy.*

AN OLD IDEA—NEWLY CLAD.

STREAM of my life, dim-banked, pale river, flow!
I have no fear to meet the engulfing seas;
Neither I look before, nor look behind,
But lying mute, with wave-dipped hand, float on.

It was not always thus. My brethren, see
This ear-marked, quivering palm, the bitter sign
Of youth's mad struggle with the wave that drifts
Immutably, eternally along.

I would have had it glide through fields and flowers,
Giving and taking freshness, perfume, joy;
It winds through a blank desert. Peace, my soul!
—The finger of God's angel drew its line.

So I lean back, and look up to the stars,
And count the ripples circling to the shore,
And watch the silent river rolling on,
Until it widen to the open sea.

THE OYSTER BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Few people have any idea of the immensity of the oyster business done in the United States. The Chesapeake and Delaware Bay oysters go all over the world, and we learn from a number of the 'Baltimore Sun' that one establishment in that city, during the oyster season, keeps twenty-five men constantly opening the shells, and they sometimes open five hundred gallons a day, which are all designed for exportation. The oysters are put up in cans, which are made air-tight, and hermetically sealed. They are warranted to keep fresh in any climate. Five men are constantly employed in making the cans. The oysters are sent principally to the Western States, but considerable quantities are sent to the West Indies, South America, and some have been sent to China. On the first day of the last oyster-taking season, in the Fairhaven River, six or seven hundred boats were ready for operations with the sunrise. The striking of the bell in the brick church was the signal to begin, and soon all was stir and commotion amongst men and shell-fish. During the day between thirty and forty thousand bushels of oysters were taken; which, from the fact of their having been undisturbed for two years, were unusually large, and very fine. Some boats took from seventy-five to one hundred bushels each, and some few went much above this quantity. Transient oystermen sold their products at the bank of the river for twenty and twenty-five cents per bushel, while those who made 'oystering' a regular business preferred to hold on for speculation.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

A remarkable instance of the divisibility of matter is seen in the dyeing of silk with cochineal, where a pound of silk, containing eight score threads to the ounce, each thread 72 yards long, and the whole reaching about 104 miles, when dyed with scarlet, does not receive above a drachm additional weight; so that a drachm of the colouring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than 100 miles in length, and yet this minute quantity is sufficient to give an intense colour to the silk with which it is combined.

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